
SPAWN
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SEP
DIGITAL EDITION
MCFARLANE

image COMICS PRESENTS:

"QUESTIONS"

PART 4



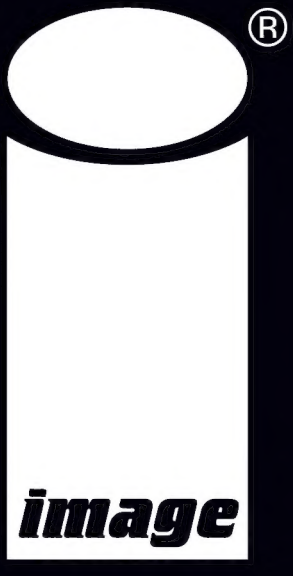
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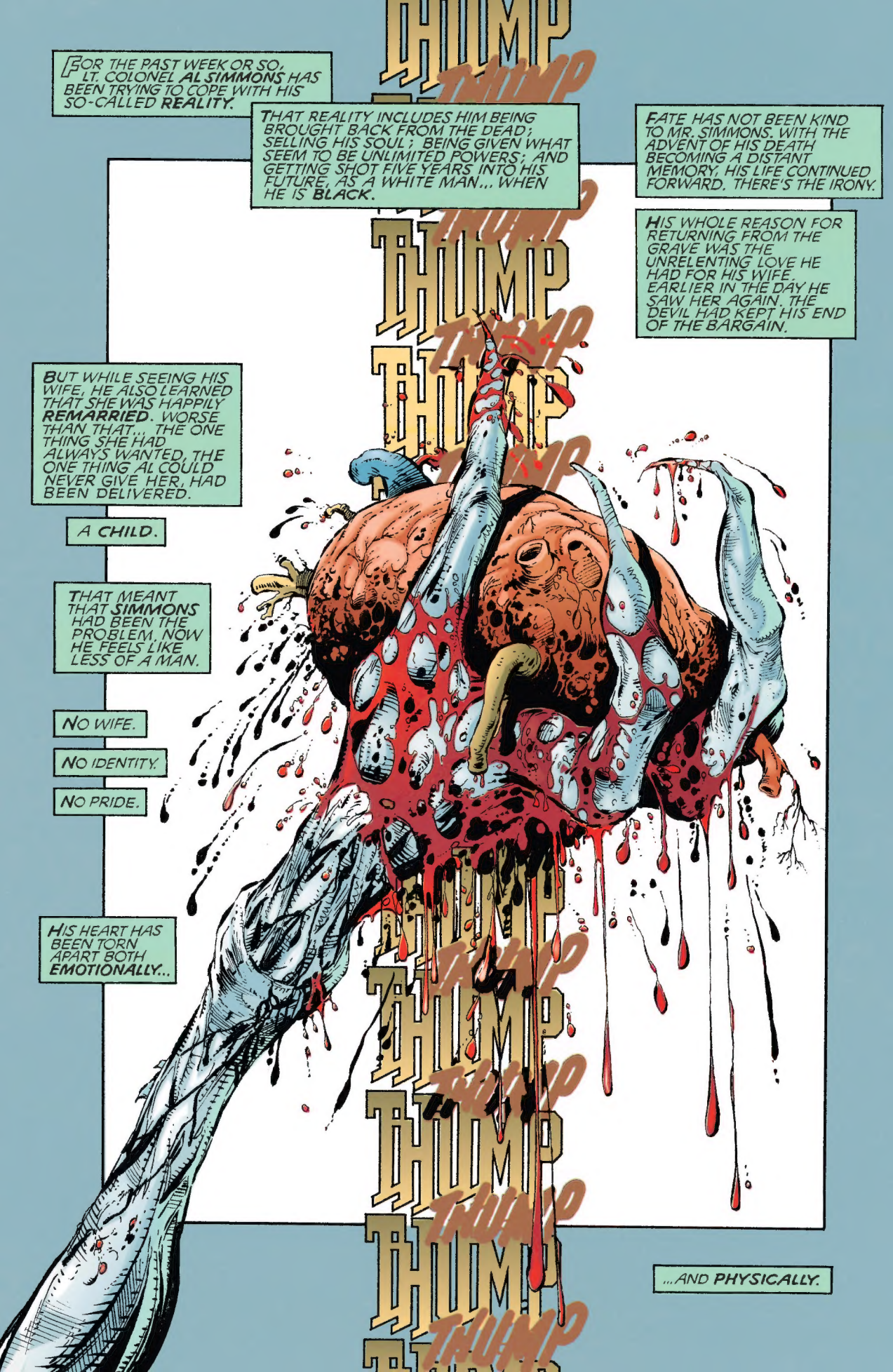
Dedicated to:
JOE SHUSTER



FOR IMAGE COMICS
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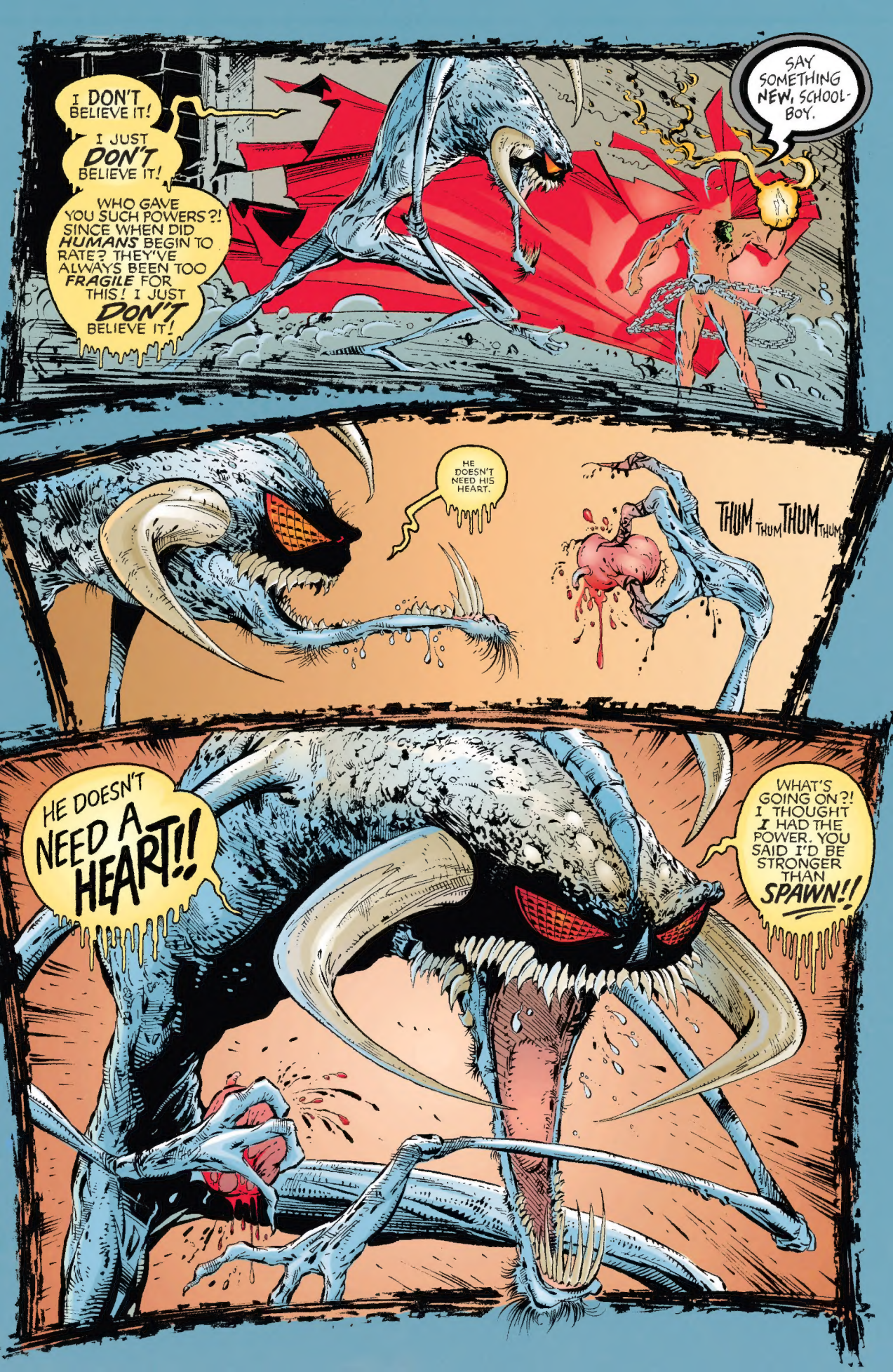
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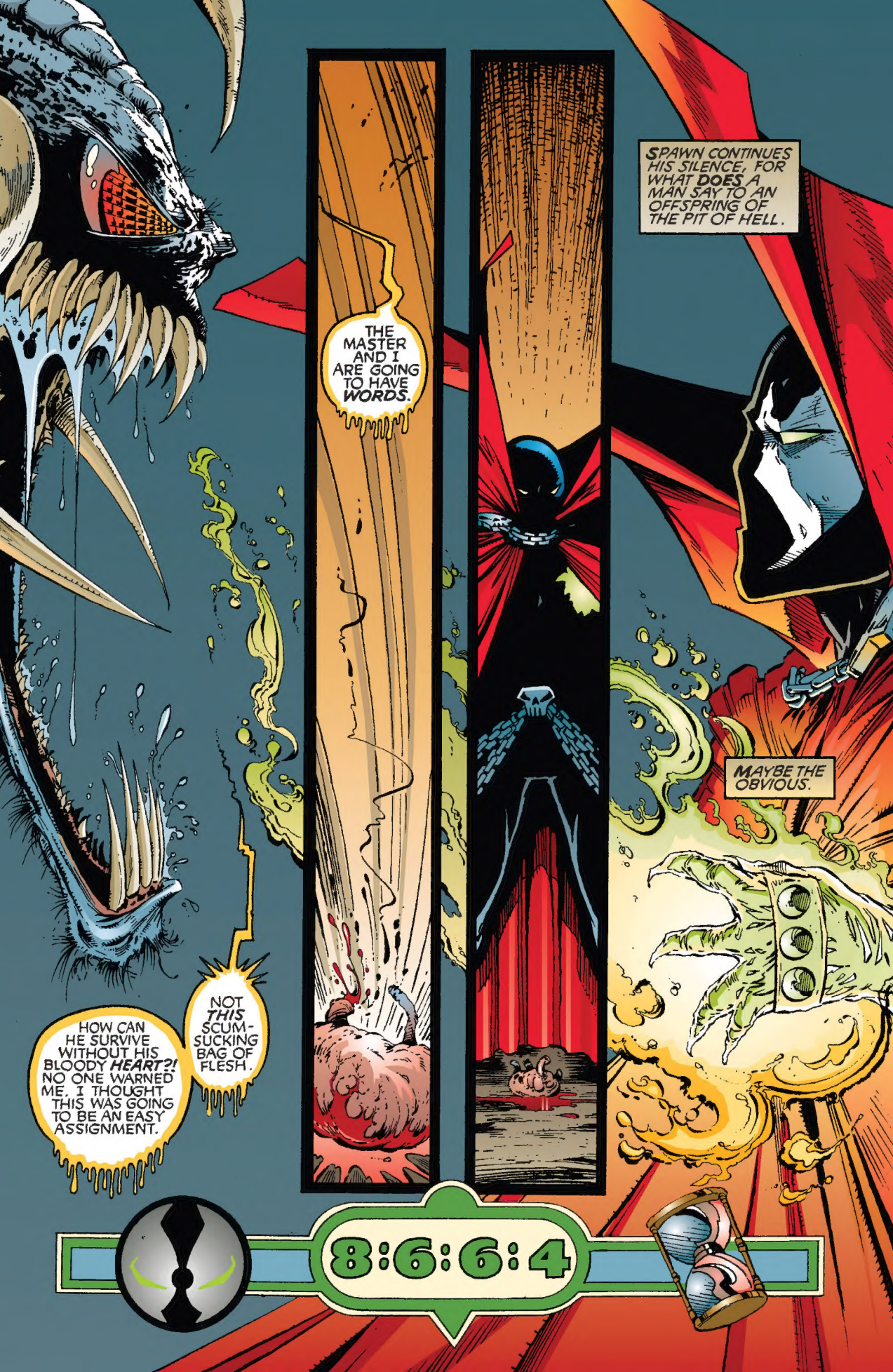
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FOR THE PAST WEEK OR SO, LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS HAS BEEN TRYING TO COPE WITH HIS SO-CALLED REALITY.
THAT REALITY INCLUDES HIM BEING BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD; SELLING HIS SOUL; BEING GIVEN WHAT SEEM TO BE UNLIMITED POWERS; AND GETTING SHOT FIVE YEARS INTO HIS FUTURE, AS A WHITE MAN... WHEN HE IS BLACK.
FATE HAS NOT BEEN KIND TO MR. SIMMONS. WITH THE ADVENT OF HIS DEATH BECOMING A DISTANT MEMORY, HIS LIFE CONTINUED FORWARD. THERE'S THE IRONY.
HIS WHOLE REASON FOR RETURNING FROM THE GRAVE WAS THE UNRELENTING LOVE HE HAD FOR HIS WIFE. EARLIER IN THE DAY HE SAW HER AGAIN. THE DEVIL HAD KEPT HIS END OF THE BARGAIN.
BUT WHILE SEEING HIS WIFE, HE ALSO LEARNED THAT SHE WAS HAPPILY REMARRIED. WORSE THAN THAT... THE ONE THING SHE HAD ALWAYS WANTED, THE ONE THING AL COULD NEVER GIVE HER, HAD BEEN DELIVERED.
A CHILD.
THAT MEANT THAT SIMMONS HAD BEEN THE PROBLEM. NOW HE FEELS LIKE LESS OF A MAN.
NO WIFE.
NO IDENTITY.
NO PRIDE.
HIS HEART HAS BEEN TORN APART BOTH EMOTIONALLY...
...AND PHYSICALLY.
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

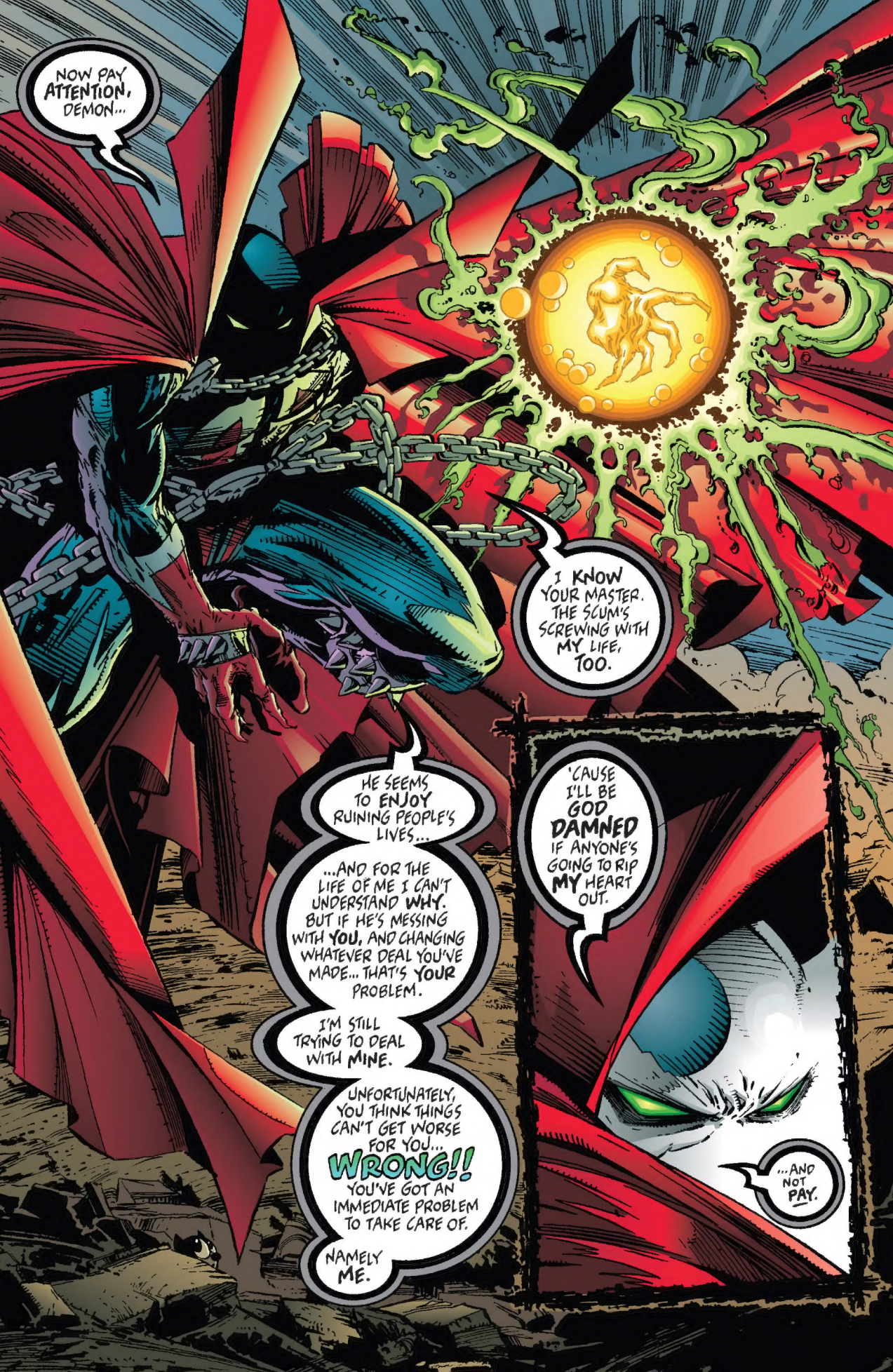
LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN.

BUT THIS TIME, TRY AND DO SOME REAL DAMAGE.


I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!
WHO GAVE YOU SUCH POWERS?! SINCE WHEN DID HUMANS BEGIN TO RATE? THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOO FRAGILE FOR THIS! I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT!
SAY SOMETHING NEW, SCHOOL-BOY.
HE DOESN'T NEED HIS HEART.
THUM THUM THUM THUM
HE DOESN'T NEED A HEART!!
WHAT'S GOING ON?! I THOUGHT I HAD THE POWER. YOU SAID I'D BE STRONGER THAN SPAWN!!


HOW CAN HE SURVIVE WITHOUT HIS BLOODY HEART?! NO ONE WARNED ME. I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE AN EASY ASSIGNMENT.
NOT THIS SCUM-SUCKING BAG OF FLESH.
THE MASTER AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE WORDS.
SPAWN CONTINUES HIS SILENCE, FOR WHAT DOES A MAN SAY TO AN OFFSPRING OF THE PIT OF HELL.
MAYBE THE OBVIOUS.
8:6:6:4


I BELIEVE THIS BELONGS TO ME.
THUM THUM THU
THAT'S BETTER.


NOW PAY ATTENTION, DEMON...
I KNOW YOUR MASTER. THE SCUM'S SCREWING WITH MY LIFE, TOO.
'CAUSE I'LL BE GOD DAMNED IF ANYONE'S GOING TO RIP MY HEART OUT.
...AND NOT PAY.
HE SEEMS TO ENJOY RUINING PEOPLE'S LIVES...
...AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY. BUT IF HE'S MESSING WITH YOU, AND CHANGING WHATEVER DEAL YOU'VE MADE... THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM.
I'M STILL TRYING TO DEAL WITH MINE.
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU THINK THINGS CAN'T GET WORSE FOR YOU... WRONG!! YOU'VE GOT AN IMMEDIATE PROBLEM TO TAKE CARE OF.
NAMELY ME.

KGHK!

THE FORCE OF SPAWN'S BLAST CARVES A HOLE THROUGH THE VIOLATOR THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL. FRAGMENTS OF BLUISH, ROTTING CHUNKS VOMIT THEMSELVES IN A HELTER-SKELTER PATTERN. THE BRICK WALLS NOW HAVE A MURAL OF CRIMSON GORE.

AS THE BLOOD RUNS SOFTLY DOWN THE WALL, SPAWN IS TAKEN ABACK FOR A MOMENT. NOT BY THE BLOOD; HE HAS SEEN AND SPILLED FAR TOO MUCH. NOR IS IT THE FORCE OF HIS POWER. IT IS SIMPLY THAT ALL THIS EVEN EXISTS.

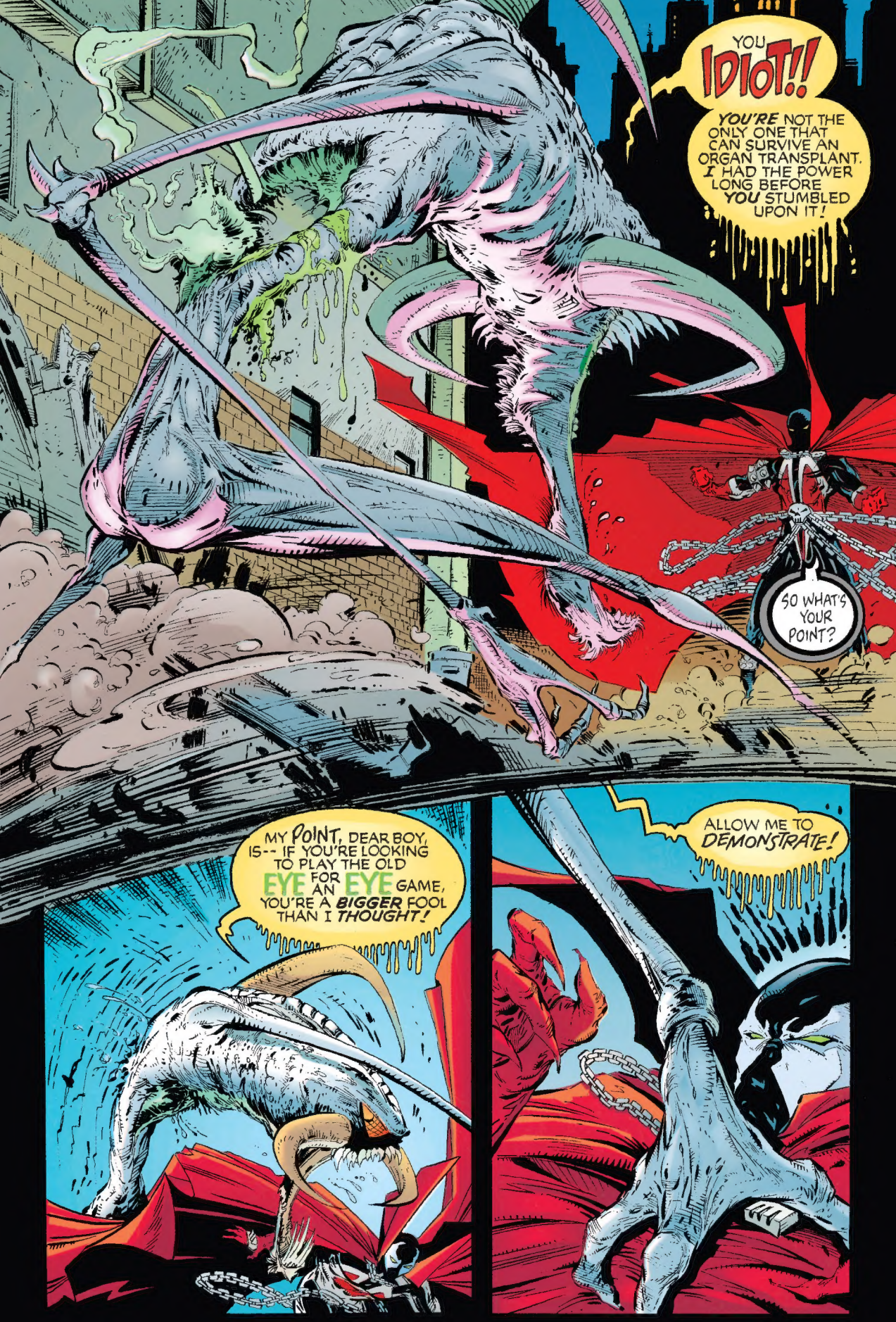
HOW... CAN HE REPAIR A DISMEMBERED HEART?

WHY... DOES HE EVEN HAVE SUCH POWERS?

WHEN... IS ALL THE MADNESS GOING TO END?

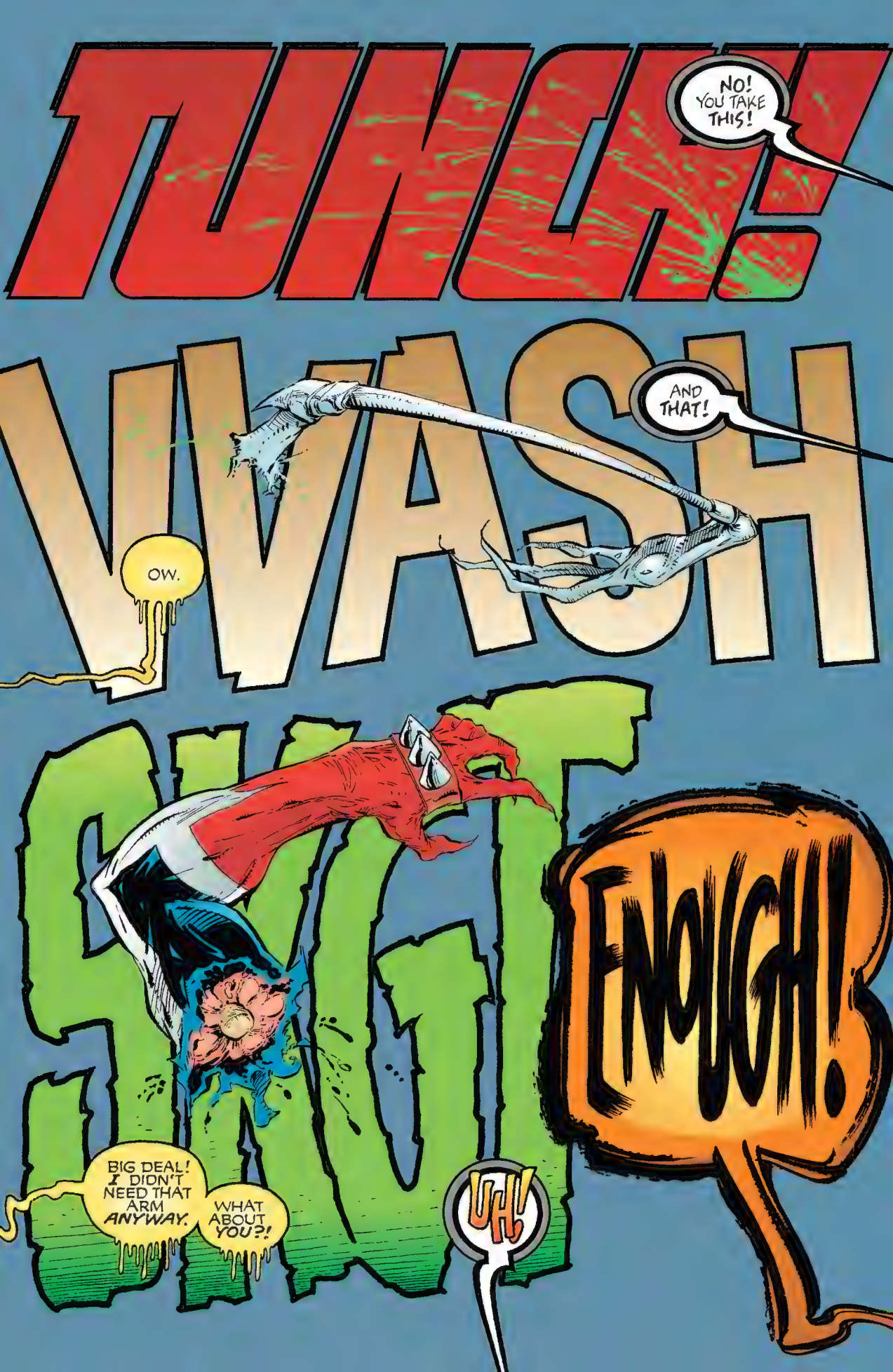
WHERE... DOES HE GO, NOW THAT HE HAS LOST EVERYTHING?

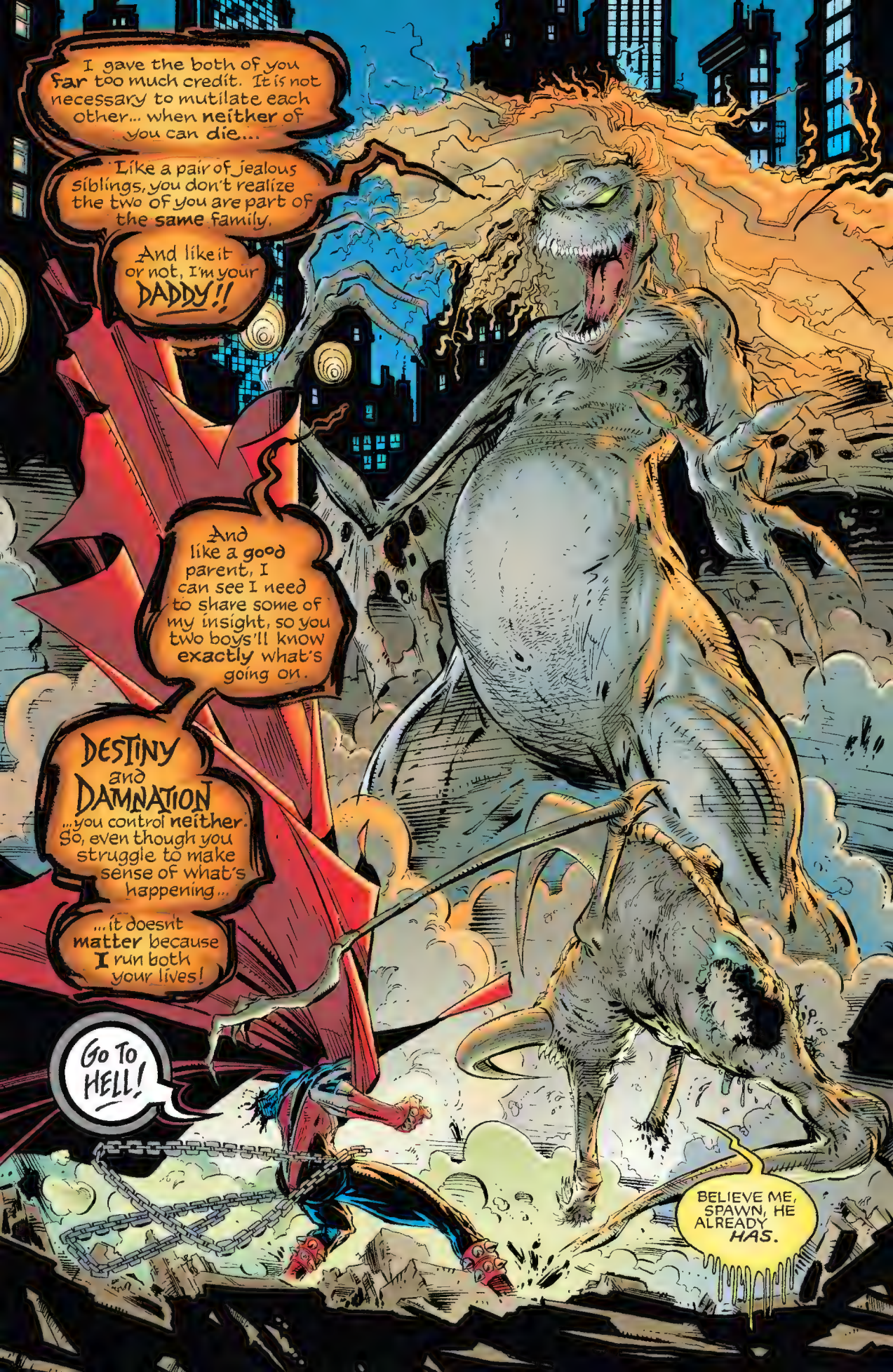
THE QUESTIONS RICOCHET THROUGH HIS BRAIN... AND THE SCARIEST PART FOR HIM IS THAT HE IS ALMOST GETTING USED TO ALL THE INSANITY AROUND HIM.


YOU IDIOT!!
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN SURVIVE AN ORGAN TRANSPLANT. I HAD THE POWER LONG BEFORE YOU STUMBLED UPON IT!
SO WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
MY POINT, DEAR BOY, IS-- IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO PLAY THE OLD EYE FOR AN EYE GAME, YOU'RE A BIGGER FOOL THAN I THOUGHT!
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE!

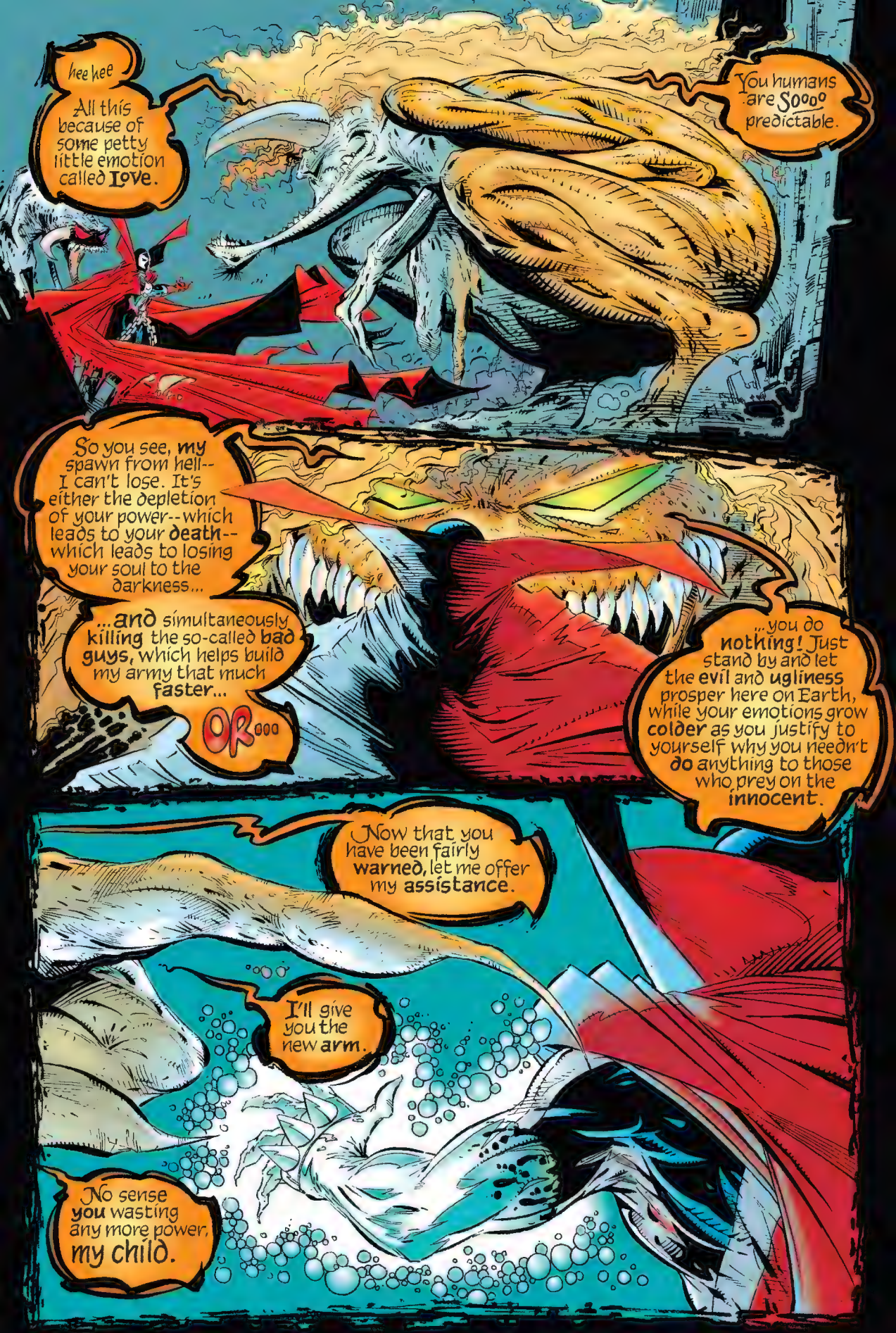

LISTEN, I'M NOT HERE TO GAME-PLAY. I'M HERE TO KEEP YOU IN *LINE*-- MAKE SURE YOU DON'T *STRAY*.
WHY HE'S MAKING SUCH A BIG DEAL OUT OF YOU, I *STILL* HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT.
BUT *UNTIL* SUCH TIME, IT'S MY JOB TO SHOW YOU THE *ROPES*.
SO WHAT'S YOUR POINT?


JUST HOPE I DON'T STRANGLE YOU WITH THEM!
NOW WOULDN'T THAT BE A PITY!
HAHAHAHAHA
HA! NICE SHOOTING! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HIT THE TARGET, CHUMP.
ZAKT!!
LET ME GIVE YOU A POINTER--
--LIKE THIS!!
CHOMP

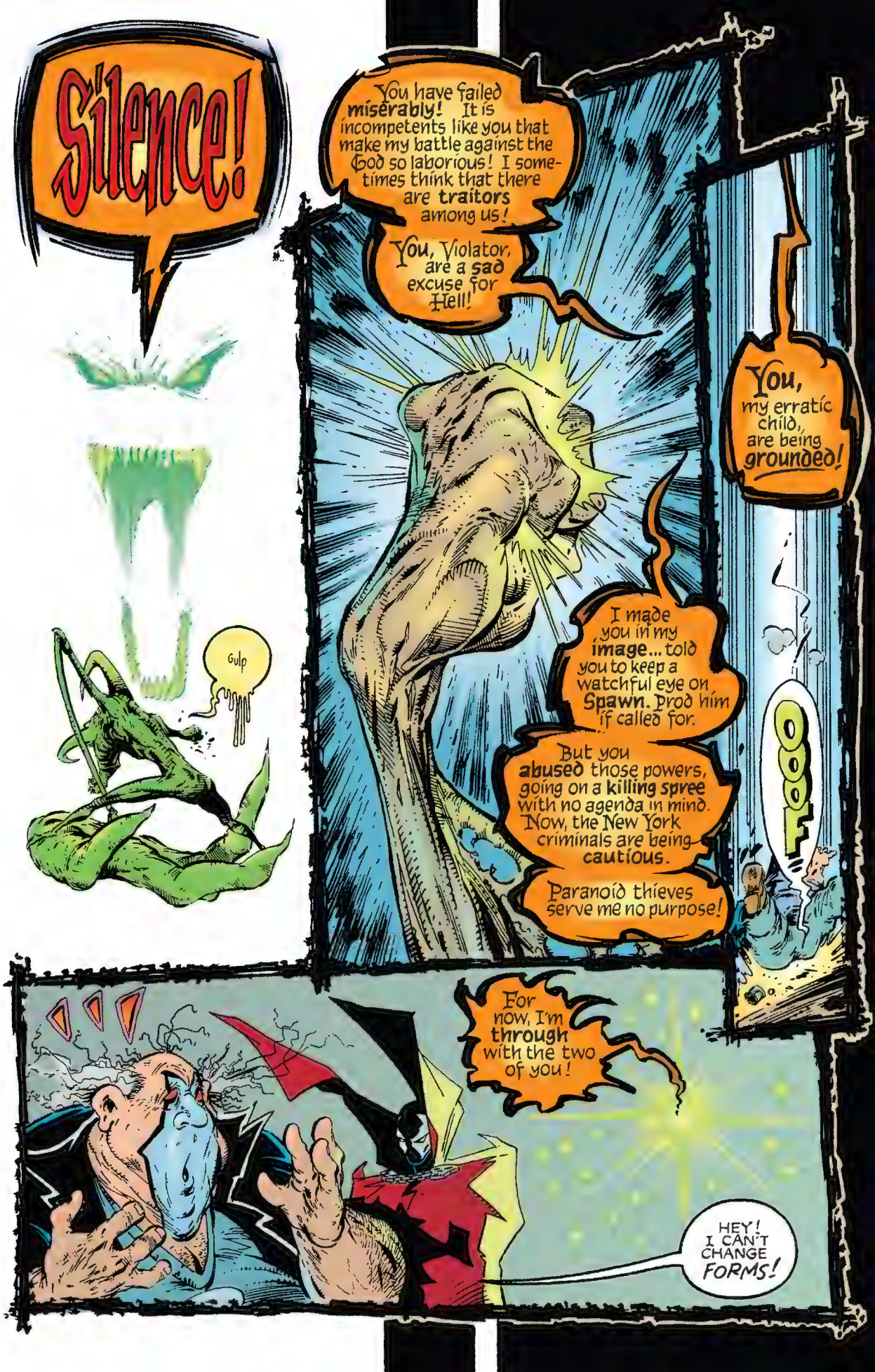

TUNG!
NO! YOU TAKE THIS!
VVASH
AND THAT!
OW.
SHT
ENOUGH!
BIG DEAL! I DIDN'T NEED THAT ARM ANYWAY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU?!
UH!


I gave the both of you far too much credit. It is not necessary to mutilate each other... when neither of you can die...
Like a pair of jealous siblings, you don't realize the two of you are part of the same family.
And like it or not, I'm your DADDY!!
And like a good parent, I can see I need to share some of my insight, so you two boys'll know exactly what's going on.
DESTINY and DAMNATION ...you control neither. So, even though you struggle to make sense of what's happening...
...it doesn't matter because I run both your lives!
GO TO HELL!
BELIEVE ME, SPAWN, HE ALREADY HAS.

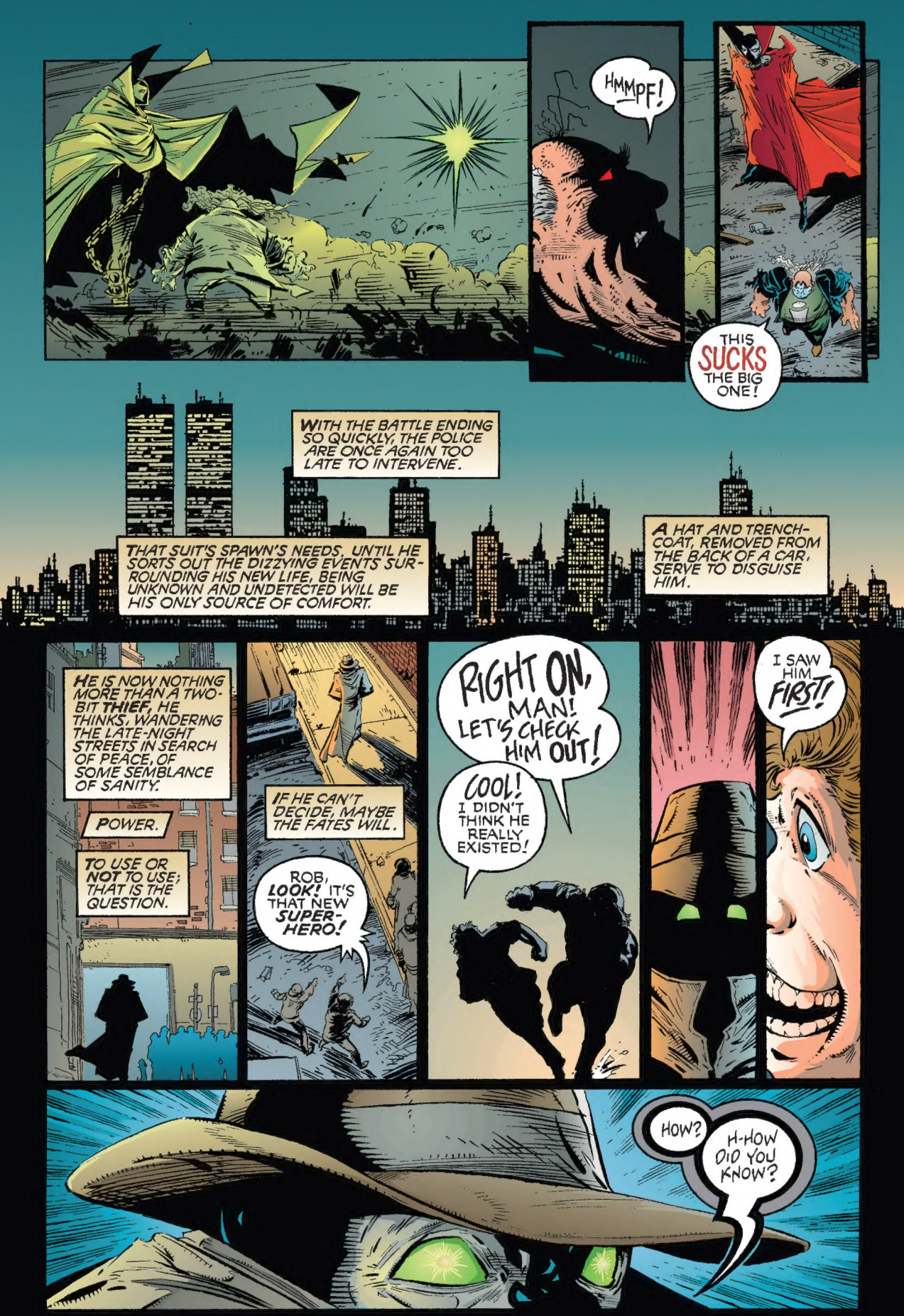

HAHAHA Vigor and humor!
What an unlikely combo. You boys do warm my soul!
Don't be so surprised. I do have a soul... and eight billion others! Nearly enough to satisfy my needs!
Evil can be very addictive, especially after death. The accumulation of the souls of the damned can have only one outcome: the Destruction of God!
Yes, Simmons, there is a God! For an atheist like yourself that might be a shock. But with all you've been through, I'm sure it's not such a hard concept to follow.
JESUS!
Call him what you will.
He is now your enemy!
And it was your choice.
I don't have the power to turn people away from God. They have to do that willingly. But once they do I need to seize that moment and make them mine. Once I have them, my powers can and will control them forever.
Which is where you come in, my dear Spawn.
My army of evil is not quite complete. I need billions more, for the forces of good are naturally quite strong. To ensure my eventual victory, though, I need agents to do my bidding. Your past human life made you the perfect candidate -- young, brash, destructive, ruthless, arrogant... and a hired killer. There's not too many of you around. As one of my agents, you needed powers to set you apart. That was simple. But I'd be a fool to make it limitless.
You're wise enough to have sensed the draining of the power. If not, let me explain. The more you use your energy, the faster you come to a second death. The slower you use it, the less chance you have of stopping evil around you. Either way, I eventually end up owning your soul!
The only choice you have is... how fast you willing to give it?
HAHAHAHA


hee hee
All this because of some petty little emotion called Love.
You humans are Soooo predictable.
So you see, my spawn from hell-- I can't lose. It's either the depletion of your power--which leads to your death--which leads to losing your soul to the darkness...
...and simultaneously killing the so-called bad guys, which helps build my army that much faster...
OR...
...you do nothing! Just stand by and let the evil and ugliness prosper here on Earth, while your emotions grow colder as you justify to yourself why you needn't do anything to those who prey on the innocent.
Now that you have been fairly warned, let me offer my assistance.
I'll give you the new arm.
No sense you wasting any more power, my child.

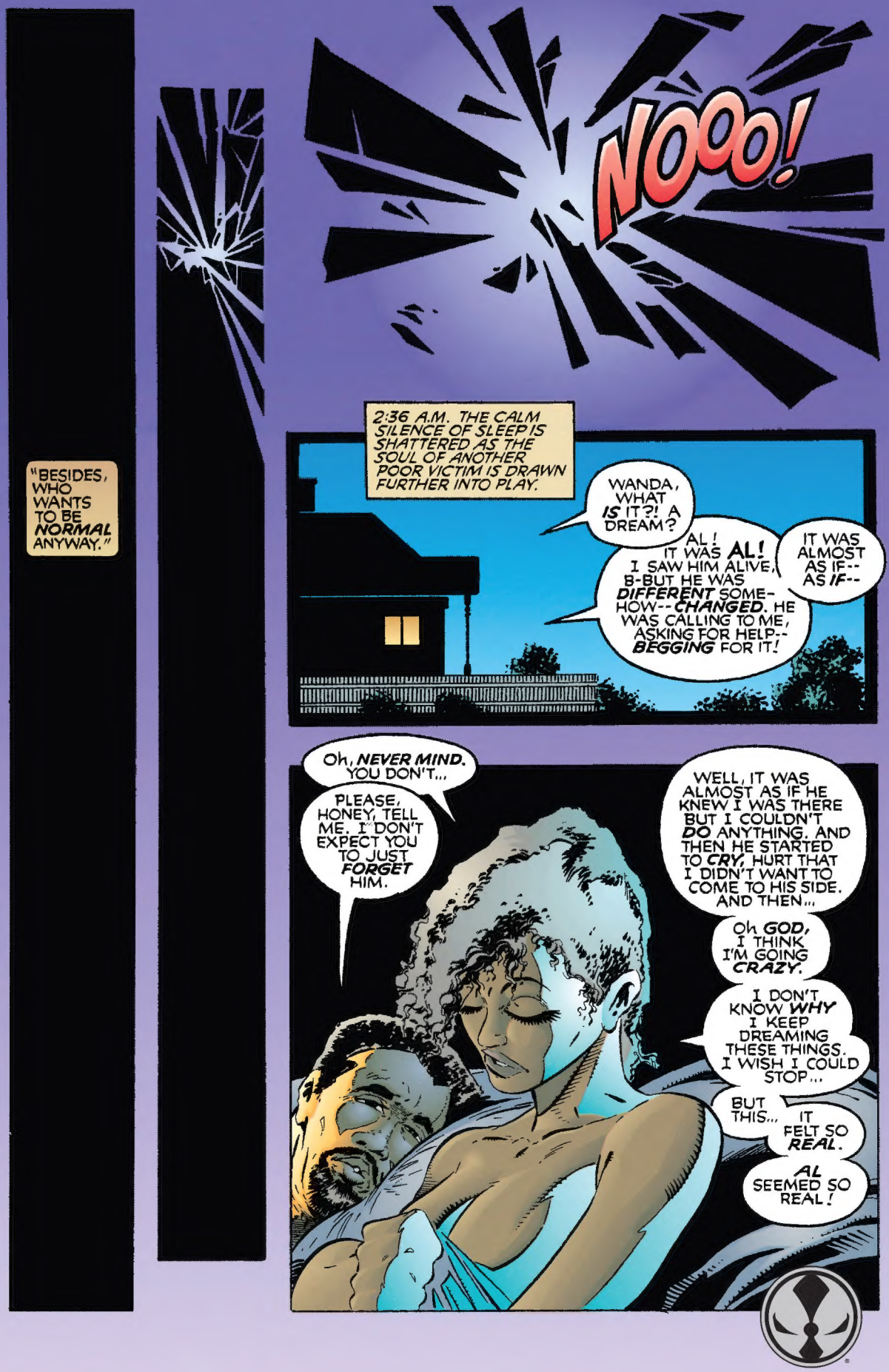

HEY!
What about me?
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR MY EFFORT!
LOOK, BOSS, I THINK I DID A HELLUVA JOB HERE!
... KEPT A EYE ON SOME OF THE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY...
...MADE THE COPS THINK THERE'S A LUNATIC ON THE LOOSE...
...EVEN PUT A BIT OF FEAR INTO SPAWN'S HEART.
SPEAKIN' OF WHICH--
-- NO ONE WARNED ME OF HIS POWERS WHEN I GOT THIS ASSIGNMENT --!
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS ARM! NOT A PRETTY SIGHT!
AND THIS HOLE IN MY BELLY-- IT'S WORSE THAN A BLOODY ULCER!


Silence!
You have failed miserably! It is incompetents like you that make my battle against the God so laborious! I sometimes think that there are traitors among us!
You, Violator, are a sad excuse for Hell!
You, my erratic child, are being grounded!
I made you in my image... told you to keep a watchful eye on Spawn. Prod him if called for.
But you abused those powers, going on a killing spree with no agenda in mind. Now, the New York criminals are being cautious.
Paranoid thieves serve me no purpose!
Gulp
OOOF!
For now, I'm through with the two of you!
HEY! I CAN'T CHANGE FORMS!


Oh GREAT!
JUST GREAT!!
GO AHEAD, KICK ME WHILE I'M DOWN! THIS IS JUST FRIGGIN' PERFECT! I WORK MY BUTT OFF TO TRY AND PLEASE YOU AND WHAT DO I GET FOR MY TROUBLES...
SQUAT, THAT'S WHAT!
THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE!!
BUT THAT'S OKAY. I DON'T MIND BEING SHORT, FAT AND UGLY!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I KINDA ENJOY IT! SO IF THIS IS THE WORST YOU CAN DO, I'M NOT IMPRESSED!
WHO WANTS TO LIVE IN HELL ANYWAYS. MAKES ME SWEAT LIKE A PIG. AND THIS SPAWN GUY.
PFFFT!!! BIG HAIRY DEAL.
YOU CALL THAT AN AGENT?! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.


HMMPF!
THIS SUCKS THE BIG ONE!
WITH THE BATTLE ENDING SO QUICKLY, THE POLICE ARE ONCE AGAIN TOO LATE TO INTERVENE.
THAT SUIT'S SPAWN'S NEEDS, UNTIL HE SORTS OUT THE DIZZYING EVENTS SURROUNDING HIS NEW LIFE, BEING UNKNOWN AND UNDETECTED WILL BE HIS ONLY SOURCE OF COMFORT.
A HAT AND TRENCH-COAT, REMOVED FROM THE BACK OF A CAR, SERVE TO DISGUISE HIM.
HE IS NOW NOTHING MORE THAN A TWO-BIT THIEF, HE THINKS, WANDERING THE LATE-NIGHT STREETS IN SEARCH OF PEACE, OF SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY.
POWER.
TO USE OR NOT TO USE; THAT IS THE QUESTION.
IF HE CAN'T DECIDE, MAYBE THE FATES WILL.
ROB, LOOK! IT'S THAT NEW SUPER-HERO!
RIGHT ON, MAN! LET'S CHECK HIM OUT!
COOL! I DIDN'T THINK HE REALLY EXISTED!
I SAW HIM FIRST!
HOW?
H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?


HEY MISTER! WATCH OUT!
AWW COOL, MAN! LOOK AT HIM, ERIK!
UH?
IT'S THAT DRAGON DUDE FROM CHICAGO!
I TOLD YOU HE WAS RAD!
HE'S BETTER THAN THOSE YOUNGBLOOD! I BET HE COULD TAKE BEDROCK, EASY.
NOT!
BEDROCK'S WAY TOUGH. AIN'T NO ONE CAN TOUCH HIM.
GIMME A BREAK! THE 'ROCK IS A SISSY. HE STILL LIVES AT HOME WITH HIS MOM.
YEAH, WELL, SO DO YOU, HOME-BOY.
BUT I'M NOT A 'BLOOD.
HEROES AIN'T SUPPOSE TO BE NORMAL. THEY'RE SUPPOSE TO BE BETTER.
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO FAMOUS.


"BESIDES, WHO WANTS TO BE NORMAL ANYWAY."
NOOO!
2:36 A.M. THE CALM SILENCE OF SLEEP IS SHATTERED AS THE SOUL OF ANOTHER POOR VICTIM IS DRAWN FURTHER INTO PLAY.
WANDA, WHAT IS IT?! A DREAM?
AL! IT WAS AL! I SAW HIM ALIVE, B-BUT HE WAS DIFFERENT SOME-HOW--CHANGED. HE WAS CALLING TO ME, ASKING FOR HELP--BEGGING FOR IT!
IT WAS ALMOST AS IF--AS IF--
Oh, NEVER MIND. YOU DON'T...
PLEASE, HONEY, TELL ME. I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO JUST FORGET HIM.
WELL, IT WAS ALMOST AS IF HE KNEW I WAS THERE BUT I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING. AND THEN HE STARTED TO CRY, HURT THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO COME TO HIS SIDE. AND THEN...
Oh GOD, I THINK I'M GOING CRAZY.
I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP DREAMING THESE THINGS. I WISH I COULD STOP...
BUT THIS... IT FELT SO REAL.
AL SEEMED SO REAL!

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE